

The Magical Door

HERE'S a door in the wall of the house—
A door that no man sees;
For the angel who writes in the Book of Time
Is the keeper of the keys.
Once to the past it opens.
At the solemn midnight hour,
When the children sleep, and the old clocks
Keep awake in the tall church tower.

And then, as it swings on its hinges,
Whoever might peer inside
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
That behind the silence hide.
Egypt and Rome and Tyre,
All in that mystical place
Where the time of night and day
Were once once parted.

By the wonderful human race
The shadowy door swings open,
And a pilgrim enters in,
Bowed with a twelve-month's struggle
In this world of strife and sin.
Wait him a hallowed greeting!
He will pass to meet this way—
This weary year who must disappear
In the haven of yesterday.

The door still swings open,
And outward another comes,
With a stir of banners and bugles
And the beat of friendly drums;
His hands are full of beauty—
The cluster, the song, the sheaf,
The snowflake's wing, and the budding spring,
And the tears on the created roof.

This is the New Year, darling,
Oh! haste to give him cheer,
Only the Father knoweth
The whole of his errand here.
This is the New Year, darling,
A year for work and play,
For doing our best, and for trusting the rest
To the Maker of night and day.

—Margaret E. Sawyer, in Harper's Young People.

NEW YEAR'S
AT
BIG ELM.

ages which she had purchased at the country store six miles distant.
It was the last day of December, and a lovely afternoon. There was no snow on the prairies of southern Kansas to welcome in the New Year to begin on the morrow. Cattle fed on the wild grass, and red birds flitted gleefully among the sunflower stalks that lined the roadside.

Suddenly Bessie became aware of the approach of a horseman across the prairie to her sight. Something in the manner of his riding told her who it was, and a warm flush spread itself over her fair face.

"Good morning, Bessie," he greeted her, reining his horse in by the side of her pony, and looking the love which he could not conceal.

"Good morning, Tom," she returned, somewhat confused under his beaming gaze—"I mean Mr. Hartley," she quickly corrected herself.

"Let it be 'Tom,' as it used to be," she pleaded.

"If it wasn't for that old fuss," she returned.

"But that old fuss! We needn't keep that up between us if our dads do it," he laughed. "There's no sense in it, and it's time they turned that old leaf down. But if they don't it's New Year to-morrow, Bessie, and we'll begin a new one on our own account. I'm bound to win you."

But the girl's face looked uneasy, and she strove to change the subject.

"When did you get home, Mr. Hartley?"

"Only this morning, Miss Fowler," imitating her formality. "And behold how I am repaid for my devotion. Hang the Mr. Hartley!"

"Oh, Tom!"

Fowler and Mrs. Hartley were on terms of the most sisterly intimacy. Tom and Bessie went to the same little dug-out school, and laid the foundation of a lasting attachment, which strengthened with the years that brought the rancher's boy to noble manhood, and the girl to winsome womanhood.

Then had come the disagreement. Fowler had grown tired of the cattle business and wished his partner to buy him out. At last Hartley consented, but in the settlement there was some trifling mistake made. It was in Hartley's favor, and Fowler had accused his friend of trying to cheat him.

It is a very small thing which may plant the perverse seeds of discord in hearts that have long been united. Hartley was a man of quick temper and had warmly denied the charge. A quarrel had followed, and the families once so friendly were soon separated by a bitter estrangement.

Once, however, after he had cooled down and went over the business transaction carefully, Hartley saw the mistake, which was one of only a few dollars. He had hastened to Fowler to right the error, but the postmaster had obstinately refused to accept any apology or amendment. Too proud to sue again for a reconciliation, Hartley had walked away with an injured air. A three years' estrangement had followed.

The postmaster of Big Elm was watching from the window of his cabin as the young couple rode into the yard and halted.

"Say, mother," he cried, with sudden excitement, "ain't that young Tom Hartley out there with Bess?"

Kind-faced Mrs. Fowler looked over her husband's shoulder from the window and surveyed the handsome young fellow who was in the act of assisting Bessie to dismount.

"Why, I do believe it is Tom," she returned. "How handsome he's grown to be!"

"Handsome, the dickens!" and he strode toward the door angrily. "I'll pay him for his impudence in riding without our Bess."

Flinging the door open he faced Bessie's escort with an angry flash in his eyes.

"I don't ask any odds of any Hartley," he said, gruffly, brushing Tom aside. "I can help my own gal off her pony."

"Father!" mildly remonstrated Mrs. Fowler from the doorway.

"I mean it!" he went on, rudely dragging Bess from her saddle. "Now you go in the cabin and stay there, Bess, and get," to Tom, "got on your beast and ride back to your dad's ranch. I ain't goin' to have you hangin' round here, fillin' my gal's head full o' nonsense."

Bess staggered into her mother's arms, and hid her burning face on that sympathetic breast. Tom Hartley's indignation was aroused against the old man, but by a great effort he controlled himself to speak calmly.

"See here, Mr. Fowler, what's the sense in letting your old misunderstanding with father separate Bessie and me? I love her truly, and I believe I could make her very happy." Tom went on, fearlessly. "It's New Year's to-morrow, and I think you and father had better bury that old fuss and be friends again. He's willing if you are. It would make Mrs. Fowler and mother happy. I know. Come, begin the New Year with all the old disputes and dislikes cast away, and let Bessie and me enjoy an unclouded happiness."

"New Year's be hanged!" replied Fowler, admiring Tom Hartley's spirit, although he was resolved to be unrelenting. "You can tell your father I ain't willing to make up if he is. I ain't forgot all he said, and I'd just as lief begin my calendar of the New Year with that old fuss as with anything else. Ride on, and don't come back to Big Elm any more. You can't have Bess, and you're not needed here."

And, pushing his wife and daughter into the cabin, he shut the door almost in Tom's face.

Stinging with indignation, the young fellow mounted his horse and rode away. As he passed the window he had a brief glimpse of pretty Bess crying her dark eyes red on her mother's shoulder. The sight almost maddened him, and he felt disposed to ride back, force an entrance, and carry her away from "that unreasonable ogre," her father.

"But who knows?" he communed with himself. "The New Year may bring about something for Bessie and me. No need to make the fuss worse, if I haven't done so already. Maybe the old man will cool off a little. I'll wait and see," and he rode on.

Then he began calling his father and the postmaster at Big Elm rather unpleasant names for being so foolish as to allow a slight mistake to cause such a disruption of friendship. Why couldn't folks exercise more sense, more dispassion in the affairs of business? It would save so much trouble if they only would.

The sun had set. Darkness was settling over the prairie, and the stars were beginning to appear here and there in the blue vault above him. But, unheeding the lateness, Tom Hartley rode on, he cared not where. He was in no mood to go home, and, as a kind of reaction of the condemnation he had been showering out, his heart became heavy, and he began to entertain apprehensions of his ever being able to win Bessie Fowler.

ing escaped worse injury, he started toward the stream, resolved to refresh himself with a sup of water, then hurry to the ranch, where he knew the return of his horse without its rider would create alarm.

He was picking his way around a bluff when voices suddenly attracted his attention.

Two men were earnestly engaged in conversation not ten feet from where he halted.

He was about to pass on when he heard them pronounce a certain name. This determined him to listen, and, slipping into a dark niche of the bluff, Tom Hartley overheard the following dialogue:

"So Old Fowler never mistrusted the message wasn't O. K?"

"No, I worked it slick. You see he owes Mr. Gray for money loaned him to pay off his mortgage, and when I told him that Gray wanted to see him at once on important business, he raked right out on his pony without asking me another question."

"Then there's nobody at Big Elm but the old woman and gal?"

"That's all. I'll take old Fowler till after midnight to get to Gray's, and by that time we'll have that registered letter in our own paws."

"How did you find out Old Tompson had a registered letter at Big Elm?"

"From his cow puncher, Ram Charley. We're good friends, and I met Charley as he was riding back from Big Elm this afternoon. He was swearin' high at Old Fowler for not

lettin' him have a registered letter that had just come in for the boss. Fowler said he'd deliver it into no hands except Tompson's own. He wouldn't accept Ram Charley's receipt for it, and that's what made him so mad. It's an important letter, containin' one thousand dollars from Hepler's bank in payment of a check old Tompson had there."

"Maybe Old Tompson will post right over to Big Elm this evenin' for his letter."

"Dother, man! Old Tompson's away from the ranch and won't be home for two days. I got everything straight from Charley. A half pint of brandy in my pocket did the work. The money's at Big Elm, Old Fowler's on his way to Gray's, and all we've got to do is to help ourselves."

"But what if the women give us trouble?"

"We'll wait till they're in bed, before we raid the post office. I know the ground well. It'll be easy enough, but if Bess and the old woman give us bother, I know how to silence them. Come on over to the cabin, Pete. We'll need something to brace us up. The night's gettin' cold."

So the plotters walked away, leaving Tom to digest as well as he could what he had heard.

"The post office to be robbed?" he repeated to himself, as he crept cautiously away from the bluff. "Fowler summoned off by a false message, and Bessie and her mother alone! He told me I wasn't needed at Big Elm, but I rather think I am now, and as I'm nearly five miles away I haven't a minute to spare, and, despite the pain in his arm, Tom walked briskly away across the prairie.

He recognized in the leader of the plotters Dave Mowley, a new settler of questionable character, who had a small cabin near those bluffs. By some few persons he was secretly suspected of having some connection with an outlaw gang of Indian Territory; but he had managed to keep up a semblance of respectability by working part of his time for Gray, a wealthy stockman, some twenty miles from Big Elm.

"Mowley has appeared in his true character at last," Tom remarked, as he hurried along toward Fowler's cabin. "But I'll foil him."

Then he remembered his injured right arm. He could not use his revolver easily with his left hand. What was he to do?

"I'll prove a poor match against those two villains, my arm this way," he said. "There's not a house along this trail where I can stop for help, and it's too far to go home and tell them. The least delay now is dangerous. I must save Bessie or die in the attempt."

"He's all right, I believe, only gone on a false errand."

"False errand! What do you mean, Tom?"

"No matter. Is there a valuable letter in the post office for Ranchman Tompson?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You must be brave, Bessie, and help me. Mowley and another villain will make a raid on the post office to-night to get possession of it," and he briefly related the plot of the robbers whom he had overheard.

"What can we do?" said the girl, with white face. "We're so far from all aid, and your arm hurt that way—"

"Never fear, Bessie; we'll baffle them some way. Let us go into the post office. I want to take some notes."

The post office of Big Elm was kept in a room which had once been used as the Fowler kitchen. A long table surmounted with a box divided off into racks pigeon holes for holding the mail stood in one corner. The table had one large drawer, which contained the postal supplies and all valuable letters coming to or leaving the office.

The room had only one window, while just beneath it was a large trap-door, leading into the cellar. Tom received an idea.

"Bessie, is the outside cellar door locked?"

"Yes, securely."

"Well, you take Tompson's letter and all the stamps and hide them in your room. See that all the windows

are secured, then put out the lights and get quiet. I'll stay here."

Half-way to Gray's ranch, Fowler met one of the cowboys who told him that Mr. Gray was not at home. Guessing at once that he was the victim of a false message, he rode frantically back to Big Elm.

It was nearly midnight, and a dim light burning in the post office assured him that something must be wrong.

Jumping from his horse, he flung the door wide open, and stood staring at the unexpected picture that met his gaze.

Tom Hartley, with his right arm in a sling, sat at a table, which had been placed directly over the trap-door. Bessie with her father's trusty Winchester stood beside him. Strange, muttered curses came from the cellar.

"Tom Hartley! You here?" cried the postmaster, recovering his speech.

"Yes, I thought I was needed, so I came," Tom answered.

"What does it mean? I feared something was wrong."

"Some villains tried to rob the post office, but I have them trapped," and Tom pointed significantly toward the cellar.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Cocoanut Jumbles: One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one egg, one teaspoon soda, one cup of milk, one heaping cup of cocoanut, a little nutmeg, flour to roll, cut in square pieces and fold over the edges, or cut in long, narrow strips.—Boston Budget.

—Orange Jelly: Soak half a box of gelatine in two teacupfuls water, add the juice of three lemons, the grated rind of one and one quart boiling water. Strain and stir it into three teacupfuls of sugar. Remove the skins and seeds from eight or ten oranges, cut them into a dish and pour over the jelly and orange juice. Set in a cool place until next day.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Partridge Soup: A brace of old partridges make splendid soup. Cut them up, together with some celery, a slice of ham, and an onion. Toss them in a little butter until they are somewhat browned; stew them down in five pints of water for two hours. Strain the soup, make it hot again, and add to it some small pieces of toast, and a little stewed celery, nicely seasoned.

—Egg Puffs: Beat the white of one egg solid, cut around the outside of the egg so as to loosen from the far or bowl. Gently remove it with a large spoon and lay the egg flat side down, on a buttered pan. Scoop out a small hole in the top of the egg and drop the whole yolk in the center. Bake until a light brown. A little salt sprinkled in the white, while whipping it, will cause the egg to retain its shape after the egg is taken out of the oven. Serve hot, sprinkled with salt and pepper.

—There are few things more unsatisfactory than modern fire linings. The bricks are easily cracked and frequently last but a few months, while in other cases they are often in use for years. It is a great mistake to allow the fire-bricks to get in bad order. There is an iron plate back of the firebricks in every stove, but this is easily burned through and it costs a large sum to replace it. Therefore, it is a matter of moment whenever there is a crack in the fire bed of the stove, and it should be mended at once, or the broken bricks should be replaced.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Amber Pudding: Chop one cup of firm suet very fine. Stir together one cup of molasses, one of milk, half a teacupful each of salt and soda, the latter dissolved in a little hot water; one cup of stoned and chopped raisins, one of currants, half a teacupful each of cinnamon and allspice. Beat all together and put in a buttered mold not more than three-quarters full. Put it in boiling water and boil steadily four hours. Serve hot with hard sauce. A molasses sauce is oftentimes used, and is made by boiling a cup of molasses with one of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; add a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water and serve hot.—Boston Herald.

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